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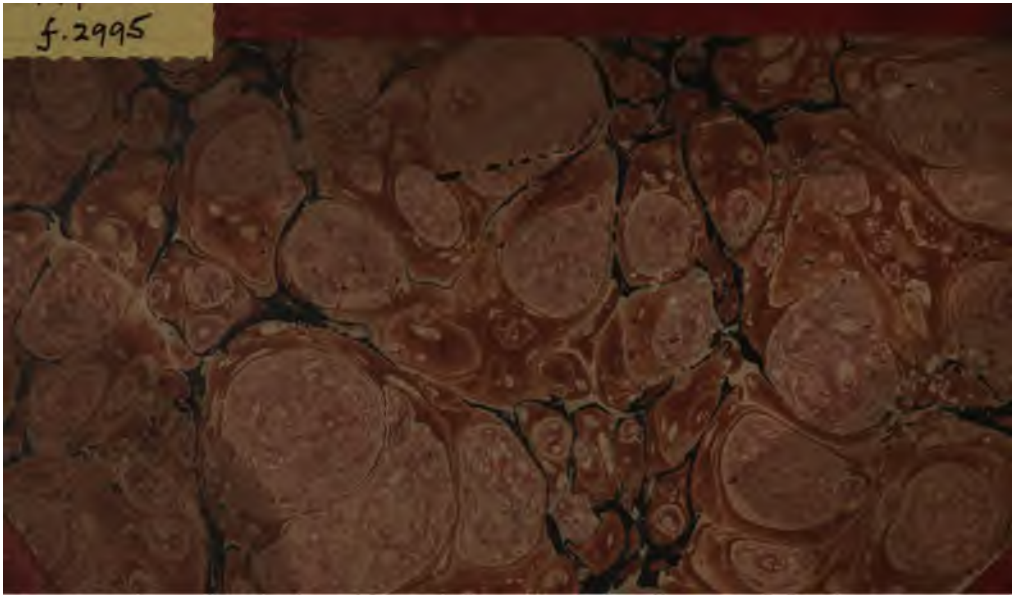

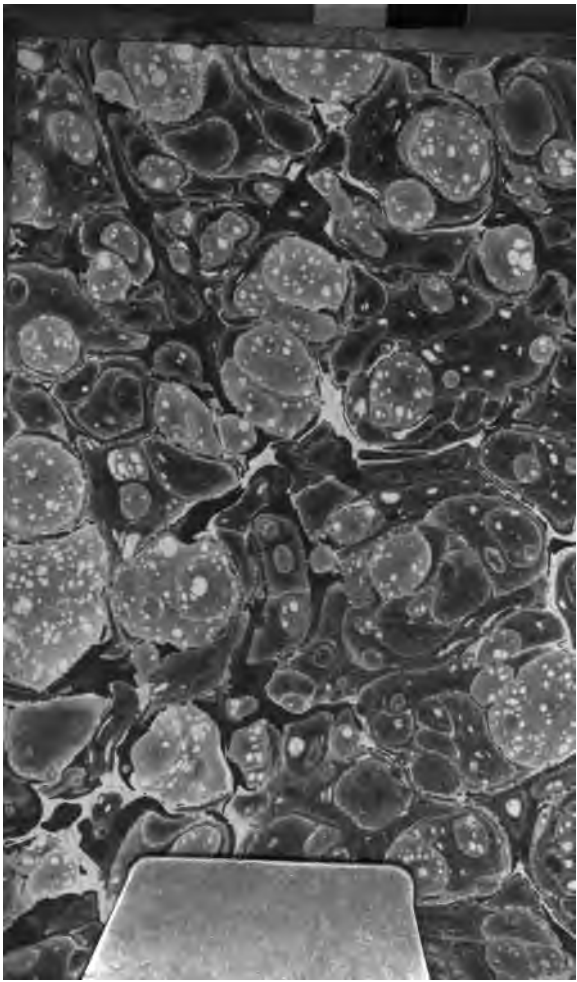

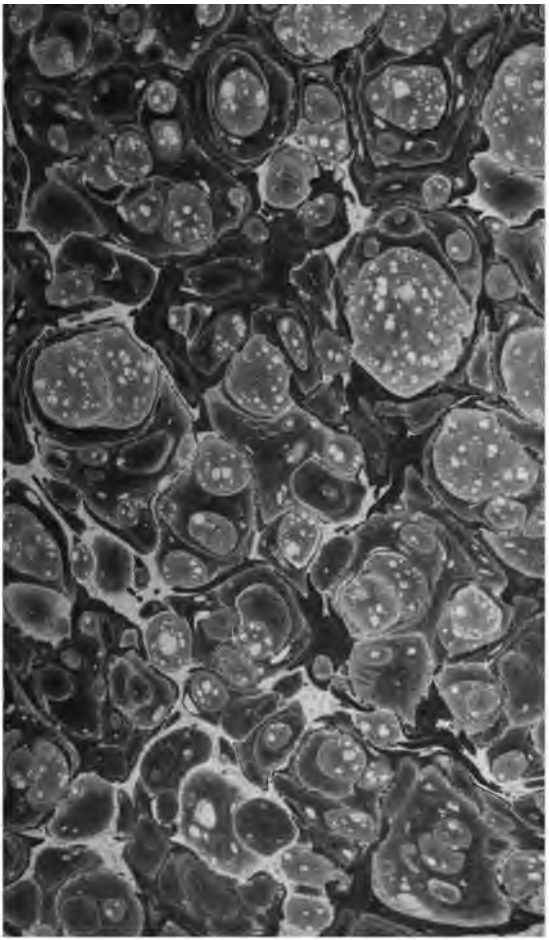

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AND

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MORAL STORIES.

DISSIPATION.

THE father of Henry died before his ſon ſaw the light; and the maternal fondneſs of his mother, whom he was an only child, was rendered conſpicuous by the many indulgences of his infancy. At ten years old he was ſent for education to a boarding-ſchool in the vicinity of London: but the pockets of Henry being better ſupplied than thoſe of any other boy in the ſchool, he thereby found means to exonerate himſelf from the drudgeries of learning, by paying

a youth for doing his exercises; whose assiduity and attention to his studies were the only hope and foundation of his future expectancies in life.

Henry remained at this seminary till he had completed his seventeenth year, and left it with a small portion of superficial learning only. His mother, Carella, having a short time previous to his leaving school experienced some frowns of fortune, was advised by several of her particular friends to article Henry to a profession, wherein the gentleman and the man of business are united: Carella accordingly placed him at a great expence with an attorney of the first eminence, and here began the misfortunes of Henry; his *employer not* having engaged to find *him board* and lodging, Carella living

at ſome diſtance from London, and Henry repreſenting to her how neceſſary it was for him to be near his buſineſs, propoſed taking chambers in one of the Inns; to this his mother reluctantly conſented. The Temple was preferred, and here he led a life common to young men of weak minds and bad diſpoſitions: he became a conſtant viſitor at the theatres and opera; he was the noiſy encore of the firſt, and the ridiculous braviſſimo of the latter; being one of thoſe triflers whoſe want of judgment helps to ſupport the violation of probability, and the extravagant nonſenſe and buffoonery which diſgraces our public exhibitions. At theſe places he ſoon became acquainted with perſons equally light as himſelf; ſuch beings as the

there is no neceſſity to be either religious or moral. He was alſo a mere memorandum book between coffee-houſe and coffee-houſe; and in many inſtances was ſo very ridiculous as to retail at one end of the room any little anecdote or ſtory he had juſt heard at the other. In his entertainments he was prodigal, not minding what was the coſt to be termed a good fellow by his companions. Carella's allowance falling very ſhort of Henry's expences, he was arreſted; and this fond mother paid his debts, under the moſt ſolemn promiſes from him of giving up thoſe falſe pleaſures which had been the means of his embarraſſments.

Henry's time was about this period completed, to the great joy of *his maſter; whoſe* office, though infe-

rior to none in the profeſſion, in point of buſineſs or opportunity of obtaining profeſſional knowledge, he left with as little real underſtanding of the law as when he firſt entered its doors. But this event, however, produced a good plea for Henry to draw from his mother a ſum of money to commence buſineſs with. Carella ſupplied him liberally, from a hope of his attention to his profeſſion, not knowing that Henry was totally ignorant of conducting it. With a part of this ſupply Henry purchaſed a quantity of law books, which he never read; and the better to carry on his deceit, would frequently invite his mother to his chambers, when he was particularly careful to cover his tables and chairs with papers and parchments, and ge-

two or three of his aſſociates in iniquity to appear in the character of clerks. This manner of proceeding entirely blinded the obſervation of his unſuſpecting mother, who thought her ſon by his induſtry would ſoon be able to make up that deficiency in her property, which his former miſconduct had been the cauſe of expending.

By aſſuming theſe appearances of diligent attention, he found means from time to time to draw conſiderable ſums from his mother to carry on his profeſſion, which he repreſented to her was daily becoming more extenſive, and at the ſame time producing to her, accounts to a large amount againſt ſome of the firſt characters in *the country;* whom, he told her, he *could not with* propriety yet ask for

payment, leſt he ſhould offend them. Carella believed his repreſentations; and by them and other inſiduous means he deprived his kind parent of nearly her whole property to anſwer the moſt vicious purpoſes.

But the time was now at hand, when ſlow but ſure-paced juſtice, appeared before him; he, conſcious of the wrongs he had done her, beheld the uneven balance with ſullen eye and purſed-up brow,--he was arreſted for a conſiderable ſum—he ſent to his mother for aſſiſtance and relief; but ſhe alas! couldnot relieve him—the good fellows of his diſſipated hours would not He wastaken to the king's bench, where detainers to a large amount where lodged againſt him by the various *tradeſmen* and others to whom h

was indebted. Here by the aſſiſtance of a brother attorney, a fellow priſoner, he acquired that low cunning and artifice he was not before maſter of; and at the end of eighteen months, being diſcharged by an inſolvent act, he came again upon the public a more confirmed villain than when he entered the priſon doors.

Soon after his enlargement, a gleam of fortune's flattering beam ſhone for the laſt time on his mother. A particular friend dying, bequeathed her a thouſand pounds. Henry ſoon came to a knowledge of his mother's property; and by thoſe perſuaſive arts, of which he was now perfectly a maſter, he prevailed on her to remove to London, and take a houſe eligible *for carrying* on his buſineſs, which he

promiſed to attend to with the greateſt diligence. Carella lent too ready an ear to his promiſes and proteſtations; which, although delivered with apparent ſolemnity, were as light as the air he breathed, and loſt ſight of in an inſtant; her compliance with his wiſhes in this particular, laid the foundation for her complete ruin.

Henry now made all the parade of buſy employment, and again deceived his devoted mother—he fell in with his former connections; which, with gaming and a miſtreſs, ſoon brought him into new difficulties. His creditors were importuning; and, to ſatisfy their claims, Carella joined him in ſecurities for the payment of his debts. After having put her hand to theſe inſtruments, ſo fatal in the ſe-

quel to her future peace, ſhe thus addreſſed Henry—"My ſon, the image of a kind huſband loſt, behold thy mother whom thou haſt reduced from a comfortable competency to a bare ſubſiſtence by your diſſipation and extravagance; who, by the ſignature of theſe papers is deprived of every aſſiſtance which declining age and the infirmities of nature ſo neceſſarily ſtand in need of—unleſs you, my ſon, by a rectitude of conduct, by cloſe application to buſineſs, expel the gloomy proſpect now before me. Oh! my ſon!—" Here Henry interrupted her, with proteſting how much he was bound to her for the many kindneſſes he had received from her maternal hand, and that his future actions

ſhould convince her he was not loſt to gratitude.

Theſe fair promiſes huſhed the fears of his mother; indeed there appeared ſome hope of amendment in him, but it was of ſhort duration; he returned to his vices, his extravagancies; the conſequence of which was, he was removed to his old habitation the King's Bench, together with his aged and fond mother; who, happily for her, did not ſurvive this ſevere change of fortune but a few days. When ſhe was in her laſt extremities ſhe deſired to ſee her ſon, who coming to her bed-ſide, ſhe took his hand, and, while the laſt tears ſhe ever ſhed were falling from her eyes, exclaimed, "Oh! Henry, 'tis thou haſt done this!" when, after a pauſe of a few

ſeconds, ſhe continued, "Receive the laſt words of admonition from a parent, who feels at this moment more pain on your account than thoſe which death are now inflicting on her." Here ſhe made another ſhort pauſe, and then with a diſtinct utterance pronounced the three following words, "reflect! reform! repent!" and fell into the friendly arms of death.

Henry's ruined ſituation, and his mother's death, threw him into a fever; deſpair ſat viſibly on his countenance; he lay in a languiſhing ſtate ſome days; when an humane viſitor of the priſon being made acquainted with the manner he was in, went to his apartment with a view of affording him relief, and at his return thus reported *of him*, "I found him," ſaid this friend

of human nature, "lying on his bed; a ruſhen candle (which like his life was almoſt out) was on a table at a ſmall diſtance from him, and gave me a glimpſe of this unhappy, this ſuffering mortal. His countenance was ſtrongly expreſſive of grief. When he ſaw me, he immediately aſked me who I was? and before I could reply to him, he ſaid, "I do not want a doctor, my body feels no pain, 'tis my mind that's ſore, very ſore." After ſpeaking theſe words he gave a heart-drawn ſigh, and pauſed a few minutes. —'Where am I going! then he cried, as loud as he was able 'where am I going' he reiterated—'I feel the arreſting arm of death, from which there is no eſcaping!—To expire with all my ſins upon my head! —Oh!—

here he was interrupted by a deep-drawn ſigh, and then went on, 'but thirty years has paſſed over this wretched frame, and I die a victim to vice and folly—Heaven be merciful! Oh my mother! my mother!" Here he groaned as if in extreme anguiſh and expired.

Ye children of folly, behold the fall of this man, and ſhun the paths that lead to diſſipation and premature death.

Perdition ſpreads its pleaſing wiles around,
To draw the unſuſpecting youth aſtray;
Who ſeems awhile to tread enchanted ground,
But wanders far from Virtue's narrow way.

The fond alluring charm at length is o'er,
The ſea of black deſtruction opens wide;
Awhile beholds the trembler on its ſhore,
Then riſing whelms him in its rapid tide.

CHARITY.

IN a penſive mood, I one afternoon was ſitting in my apartment, which overlooks the ſtreet, in order to read, as I may ſay, the conditions of thoſe perſons who might paſs by, in their outward appearance.—As the ſtreet was but little frequented, I waited ſome time before any one approached; at length I ſaw an old man turn the corner—in whom was depicted every mark of miſery and want.—His coat appeared almoſt as aged as himſelf; what remained of the original cloth was worn thread-bare, and ſoiled; while the pieces with which it was patched were of different colors. The hoary locks which looſely hu

down his ſhoulders, the deepened wrinkles in his pallid cheeks, and the weakly tottering of his withered limbs attracted my pity, and at the ſame time claimed my reſpect. In his trembling hand he held an oaken ſtick, which was the chief ſupport of his feeble body. His eyes were ſorrowfully caſt down, but every now and then he affectingly turned them up—and ſighed, then deſpairingly caſt them down again.—"Ah, venerable old man!" cried I within myſelf, "thou appeareſt to me to deſerve a better fate!—I doubt not that thou haſt ſeen happier days. Thy appearance proclaims thee a ſufferer by the whim of fickle fortune. Perhaps the treachery of perfidious friends has clothed *thee in that* humble garb, and ſtamped

theſe tokens of ſorrow on thy grief-worn countenance. Perhaps the man in whom thy confidence was placed, has betrayed thee; or, 'tis likely the ſmiles of the wanton have undone thee. If ſo, if 'tis by woman thou art thus reduced, 'tis thou alone that art guilty! for among the ſofter ſex, worth and goodneſs are to be found. If then thou haſt neglected virtue, to aſſociate with its oppoſite; what couldſt thou expect, but that miſery which is the concomitant of evil? But yet perhaps thou art reduced to the apparent poverty in which I now behold thee, by the cruel extravagance of unfeeling children! They who ſhould have been the comfort of thy life, and the ſolace of thy old age, may have proved the cauſes

of thy preſent woe. Ah, worthleſs wretches! thus to repay with pain and diſtreſs, him who laboured to procure your happineſs. Is that a return for all the care and trouble he underwent to protect and provide for you, during the tender years of unable childhood?—Perhaps, while thus he lives a wandering mendicant, you inſenſibly riot in pleaſure, and careleſsly ſquander the wreck of his former poſſeſſions, which you have wreſted from his hands!"

In the midſt of my reflections, I perceived a man approaching, dreſſed in all the elegancies of faſhion. His countenance appeared pale and ſickly through intemperance: his air was *inſinuating* and genteel. When he *came up, he* was petitioned for aſſiſt-

ance, with the moſt humble entreaties and affecting ſubmiſſion. Though at ſome little diſtance from them by lifting up the ſaſh, I could diſtinctly hear the following addreſs: "Have compaſſion upon the diſtreſs of a fellow creature, reduced to the woeful condition, in which you behold him, by accidents unforeſeen and inevitable!—once I enjoyed the ſmiles of deluſive fortune:—once I experienced her favor: but now, how ſad the change! painful neceſſity compels me to crave that ſuccour from others, which, in my proſperous days, it was my delight to beſtow." Theſe words drew from my eyes a ſympathetic tear. But they had a different effect *upon the* perſon to whom they were *addreſſed.* With an air of inſenſib

lity, he unfeelingly replied, "I am ſorry for it—but have it not in my power to help you." And with that quickened his pace, and was ſoon out of ſight. "Ungenerous man!" cried I, "where is thy heart?—is it in thy boſom?—if ſo, the gelid Alps ſcarce equal it in hardneſs! but no, it is not there—it is fixt, perhaps, in the bagnio or gaming houſe, to which you now are haſtening.—The ſmalleſt part of what, moſt likely, you will ſquander there, would have alleviated the trouble of this ſorrowful petitioner: but the leaſt ſhare of it is denied.—Go, unfeeling man! but beware! for he that pities not the miſeries of another, may one day *ſeek for mercy in* vain himſelf. Unthoughtful, you travel the road to

ruin, and fondly think it leads to bliſs!"

I went out in order to beſtow my mite to comfort the affliction of this child of miſery, who loaded me with bleſſings. I re-entered my houſe, with a mind full of compaſſion for his grief, and a heart pierced with ſorrow, that there was a man in the world who could hear a relation of it and turn inſenſibly away.

FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN Damon was ſentenced, by Dionyſius of Syracuſe, to die on ſuch a day, he prayed permiſſion in the interim, to retire to his own country, to ſet the affairs of his diſconſolate family in order. This the tyrant intended moſt peremptorily to refuſe, by granting it, as he conceived on the impoſſible conditions of his procuring ſome one to remain as hoſtage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and inſtantly offered himſelf to durance in the place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly ſet at liberty. The king and all his *courtiers* were aſtoniſhed at this ac-

tion, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest in their judgment, was the ſole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendſhip, benevolence, and the like, as terms invented by the wiſe to impoſe upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of his head, merely, and no way to any virtue or quality of heart.

When the day of the deſtined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curioſity to viſit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the ſtupidity of his conduct, and rallied him, for preſuming that Damon, by his return would prove as great a fool as himſelf; "My lord," ſaid

Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aſpect, "I would it were poſſible that I might ſuffer a thouſand deaths, rather than my friend ſhould fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own exiſtence. But I pray I beſeech the gods to preſerve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppoſe him, ye winds! prevent the eagerneſs of his honourable endeavours! and ſuffer him not to arrive, till by my death I have redeemed a life of a thousand times more conſequence than my own, more eſtimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his *friends, to his* country, Oh, leave *me not to* die the worſt of deaths in

my Damon." Dionyſius was confounded by the dignity of theſe ſentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered; he felt his heart ſtruck by a ſlight ſenſe of invading truth, but it ſerved rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He heſitated he would have ſpoken, but he looked down and retired in ſilence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidſt the guard, with a ſerious but ſatisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionyſius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne that was drawn by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive and attentive to the demeanour of the priſoner. Pythias *came. He* vaulted lightly on the *ſcaffold;* and beholding for ſom

time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a pleaſed countenance, and addreſſed the aſſembly. "My prayers are heard," he cried, "You know, my friends, the winds have been contrary till yeſterday, Damon could not come, he could not conquer impoſſibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is ſhed to-day ſhall have ranſomed the life of my friend. Oh, could I eraſe from your boſoms every doubt, every mean ſuſpicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to ſuffer, I ſhould go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it ſufficient, in the mean time that *my friend* will be found noble, that *his truth is* unimpeachable, that *he will* ſpeedily approve it, that

he is now on his way, hurrying on. But I haſte to prevent his ſpeed; executioner do your office." As he pronounced the laſt words a buzz began to ariſe among the remoteſt of the people. A diſtant voice was heard. The croud caught the words; and "ſtop, ſtop the execution!" was repeated by the whole aſſembly. A man came at full ſpeed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a ſteed of foam. In an inſtant he was off his horſe, on the ſcaffold, and held Pythias ſtraitly embraced. "You are ſafe," he cried, "you are ſafe, my friend, my beloved, the gods be praiſed you are ſafe! I now have nothing but death to ſuffer, and I am delivered from the anguiſh of thoſe reproaches which I gav

myſelf, for having endangered a life ſo much dearer than my own. Pale, cold, and half ſpeechleſs, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents,—Fatal haſte!—cruel impatience!—what envious powers hath wrought impoſſibilities in your favour?——But I will not be wholly diſappointed.—Since I cannot die to ſave, I will not ſurvive you.

Dyoniſius heard, beheld, and conſidered all with aſtoniſhment. His heart was touched. His eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuſe his aſſent to truths ſo incontestably approved by facts. He deſcended from his throne. He aſcended the ſcaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed. *Ye have borne* unqueſtionable teſti-

mony to the exiſtence of virtue, and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, oh, form me by your precepts, as ye have invited by your example, to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred a friendſhip.

CONTENTMENT.

THE ſun had long ſince ſunk behind the adjacent mountains, and the ſage Ibrahim was retiring to reſt when a knocking at the door of his hermitage drew him thither; he opened, and there ſtood before him a youth, whoſe care marked viſage ſpoke him the child of grief: "Sire," ſaid the youth, "permit a ſtranger to paſs the night beneath your friendly roof, till the returning morn enables him to purſue his way with ſafety." The hermit bid him welcome to his cot, and ſpread his homely board before him. Roots *ſupplied the* places of coſtly viands *and water from* a neighbouring ſprin

the place of blood-inflaming wine. The ſigh, the ſtarting tear, and all the behaviour of his gueſt, filled the ſage with emotions of compaſſion; and deſiring, if poſſible, to alleviate the pains of the ſtranger, he thus addreſſed him. "In a face ſo young, in a breaſt ſo untutored in this world's cares, it ſeems to me a wonder that ſorrow is a gueſt; and might it not be thought a bold intruſion, I would aſk the ſpring of theſe your cares; perhaps you mourn the pangs of diſappointed love, the loſs of ſome dear friend or earthly joy. Say, if your grief be of the common courſe, perchance my riper years may ſpeak the wiſhed for *comfort.* "Sire," replied the youth, "*your* kind intentions demand

once my thanks and my compliance. My father was a merchant; in point of wealth Bagdad held not his equal; early he left me to poſſeſs his fortunes; the loſs of my father was ſoon forgot amidſt the riches, flatterers, and friends, that now ſurrounded me. But when reflection took place, happineſs became my deſire, and I vainly thought, to be rich was to be happy. I enlarged my merchandiſe, I trafficked to all parts of the globe, and not a wind blew into port, but it brought an increaſe to my ſtore; but yet I was not happy—my deſires increaſed my poſſeſſions, and I was yet miſerable. I then determined to apply to honour, and there ſeek the happineſs *riches* would not afford me. I ſold

off my wares, and by dint of friends and wealth, I ſoon obtained a commiſſion, and on ſeveral occaſions gave proof of my valour, till I was ſent by the ſovereign to oppoſe a rebellion that had broken out in a distant province. I went, was ſucceſsful, and returned in triumph, laden with honours and ſo much was the ſultan poſſeſſed in my favor, that he offered me his daughter in marriage. Awhile I thought myſelf happy; but the envy of ſome and the artifice of others, ſoon convinced me of my error. I now reſolved to quit public life, and to ſeek in pleaſure the happineſs hitherto unknown. My palace now became the ſcene of continued delights; the richeſt viands were daily on my

table, the moſt coſtly liquors ſparkled in my bowl, and the beauties of all nations adorned my ſeraglio, in ſhort my life was a continued round of pleaſure. But alas! frequent debauchery impaired my health, and the diverſions of the night embittered the reflections of the morning. I now was determined to quit my home, and ſeek in ſolitude and retirement, that happineſs I had hitherto ſought in vain, and which I am at times inclined to believe, is no more than the object of creative fancy. For this purpoſe I conſigned to the care of a friend all my poſſeſſions, and was on the ſearch after a proper place of retirement, when night overtook me and I implored *the ſhelter* of your hoſpitable roof."

Here pauſed the youth, and thus the ſage began. "The object of your purſuit indeed is good, and your not hitherto attaining it, ariſes not from its non-exiſtence, but from your error in the purſuit of it. Happineſs, my ſon, hath not its ſeat in honour, pleaſure, or riches to be happy is in the power of every individual; to all the great All-wiſe has given wiſely, and thoſe who receive what he gives with thankfulneſs and content, are alone happy. Return then, my ſon, to thy poſſeſſions, employ the power of doing good lent by thy Creator, and know that contentment is the ſubſtance, happineſs her ſhadow, thoſe who have the one, poſſeſs the other." The words of the ſage ſunk deep in the breaſt of

the ſtranger; he retired to reſt in peace, and in the morn he returned again to his houſe, where he witneſsed the truth of Ibrahim's advice; and embracing every method to do good, he lived in peace and tranquility, and experienced that to be content, is to be happy.

Piety.

At the foot of the ſtupendous mountain of Kaf, in a grotto, formed by the hand of nature, and ſurrounded by groves of orange and citron trees, lived the pious Hermit Aboulou.

In the ſervice of Alla, his days had been ſpent, and at the age of fourſcore he retired to this ſpot, to paſs the evening of his exiſtence in tranquillity and peace.

Within the mountain of Kaf, which is the higheſt in the world, dwell the evil genii, who delight to perſecute

the followers of Mahomet.—But Aboulou was preſerved from their malice, by having in his poſſeſſion darts lighted by the everlaſting flame of the ſun, which, when caſt at evil genii, inſtantly entered the head, and ſet fire to the brain, never more to be extinguiſhed.

One evening as the venerable ſage was walking by the flowery ſide of a meandering ſtream, which took its riſe near his cool grot, enjoying the freſh breeze, and contemplating the beauties of nature; on a ſudden he was alarmed by the cries of diſtreſs; and, looking towards the top of the mountain, he beheld the good genius FACCARASSA engaged in dreadful combat *with the* evil genius HASSARABOUSAL.

Faccaraffa in vain reſiſted the ſuperior ſtrength of her antagoniſt, and was nearly overpowered; when, ſwift as the living lightning, the dart of Aboulou entered his brain, and it burnt with an unquenchable flame. Unable to ſupport the torment, the vile Haſſaraboufal breathed forth dreadful howlings, loud as the voice of the thunder raiſed by Alla, when the impieties of men call down his terrible vengeance. At length the tortures of the burning wound becoming inſupportable, the ſon of darkneſs caſt himſelf from the top of the rock: but the fate of death was not his:—liquid fire received him, which gave all the agonies attendant on diſſolution, but, alas! not its relief.

Faccaraſſa, perceiving herſelf free, turned to her deliverer, and thus addreſſed him. "The exemplary life of the pious Aboulou has not paſſed unnoticed by the eternal Alla, who, well pleaſed with the conduct of his faithful ſervant, will beſtow a rich and bleſſed reward.—But as the period of thy human exiſtence is not yet arrived, prepare thy mind to undergo a trial that awaits thee. Alla, in his love, has permitted me to give thee this warning: but take comfort—and thy truſt in his power ſhall prove thy deliverance."

The Hermit fell proſtrate on the earth, to expreſs his obedience to the will of Alla; when riſing, he miſſed *his friendly* monitor; but looking up-

ward, on the ſound of ſoft muſic, which ſeemed as if "ſailing on the boſom of the air," he perceived the glittering robe of the genius ſhining through a ſilver cloud which had incloſed her, and, riſing at length entered the blue canopy, which at that bright moment covered the face of ſmiling nature.

The reſigned Aboulou, inſtantly took the Koran from his boſom, wherein its treaſures were depoſited, and read the conſoling words of the Prophet with ſuch attention, that he obſerved not departing day, until the ſhades of the evening warned him to return to his grotto.—But ere he had proceeded half way down the moun*tain total* darkneſs encompaſſed him.

The evil genii, intent on his deſtruction, opened a dreadful chaſm, and he fell into an abyſs of horror! For a moment the frailty of humanity prevailed, and he arraigned the juſtice of Alla!—when he was inſtantly ſurrounded by an hoſt of infernals, breathing from their ſooty mouths volumes of that flame which is doomed for ever to torment them.

And now, a genius of ſuperior port approached towards the trembling Hermit, and thus addreſſed him: "Miſerable and devoted mortal, thy accurſed darts have ſent numbers of our race to hopeleſs perdition;—but now, ſilver-headed hypocrite, thou art in our power;—thou haſt at length *arraigned the* juſtice of Alla, there-

fore art thou given up to be tormented by thoſe who will exerciſe every art in inventing, if poſſible, new torments to afflict thee.—But yet thou canſt prevent thy fate, by becoming our brother:—curſe Alla! and curſe his prophet! and thou ſhalt be ſecond in our empire, and poſſeſs dignity and ſtate. Accept inſtantly our offered terms, or expect the moſt dreadful tortures:—accept, and riſe to elevated power: or reject and ſink to hopeleſs miſery!"

The power of Alla ſtill protected his erring ſervant, and, tho' encompaſſed by the fiends of darkneſs and the ſhadow of death, returning fortitude viſited the boſom of the repentant Aboulou; who, with a ſtern

countenance, replied, " Accurſed tribe! that I deſerve puniſhment. I confeſs, with ſorrow, to the power I have offended, but I truſt Alla will ſupport me in every trial. Know then, that Aboulou will never curſe the Author of his being. "

At this moment the evil genii produced their chains, and were advancing towards their ſuppoſed victim, when lo! lightnings, not raiſed by themſelves, flaſhed around them! Alla's own thunder rolled!—the Kaf opened with a horrid yawn! and Mahomet, attended by good genii, appeared in all his glory! Abaſhed, confounded, and diſmayed, the rebellious and condemned tribe to avoid *his preſence*, ruſhed into the lake of

fire; when Mahomet, turning to the aſtoniſhed Hermit, thus addreſſed him: —"Aboulou! the piety of thy life, and innocency of thy heart have preſerved thee to the cloſe of thy earthly pilgrimage;—I am therefore commiſſioned by Alla to tell thee, that from this moment thou art immortal!" Mahomet waved his wand! thunder rolled from pole to pole!—the mountain with its inhabitants, ſunk for ever!—whilſt Mahomet, Aboulou, and the good genii aſcended towards the heavens.

AMANTOR and EMMA.

AMANTOR was a youth whoſe beauty and ſweetneſs of diſpoſition made him admired and beloved by all who knew him. He ſeemed to be of a ſuperior race of beings to the reſt of the inhabitants of the village. His dutiful behaviour and refined piety frequently drew tears of joy from his affectionate parents, who were worthy, honeſt people. Their habitation was a humble cottage, rather detached from the reſt of the village. It was ſituated on the ſide of a *hill, adorned* with a fine hanging wood, *where a variety* of birds, pouring forth

the melody of their little throats, charmed the ear with a moſt delightful concert; while a clear ſtream, gliding in murmurs by the bottom of the hill, completed a moſt romantic pleaſing ſcene. On the other ſide of the brook were fertile meadows, whoſe rich paſturage furniſhed the lowing herds with milk and fattened the innocent ſheep.

When each of the rural inhabitants had finiſhed the labours of the day, they amuſed themſelves with cultivating their little garden, or the old people ſat down on their graſſy ſeat, over which hung, in ſweet irregularity, a flaunting woodbine, to liſten to their ſon, who trilling his artleſs notes upon a ſhepherd's pipe, made the wood re-echo with *the ſound*. After which having eat their

homely meal which the labour of the day made them reliſh, they gratefully praiſed their great Author and Preſerver and retired to reſt. Sleep, though oft a ſtranger in palaces, ſeldom fails to attend the humble cottager, who, when thus refreſhed from the labours of yeſterday, riſes with freſh vigour to thoſe of to-day. So paſſed the time of this virtuous pair and their amiable ſon; but their recluſe way of life did not ſecure them from afflictions: no; they had had them, and ſevere ones too.

They loſt, when at an engaging age, a charming daughter. Emma, (the name of the little innocent) when her father and mother were buſily employed, ſaid, "I will go to my brother, and *hear him play* upon his pipe while he

keeps his ſheep."—"Do," ſaid the affectionate mother: "Amantor will take care of you."—Away tripped the charming Emma, all mirth and gaiety, and her unſuſpecting parent continued her employment.

Amantor returned in the evening, and as he entered the cottage ſaid—Where is my little ſiſter?—I have brought her a bird."

"Heaven!" ſaid the aſtoniſhed parents, "protect my child! Have you not ſeen her?—She left us this morning to go, ſhe ſaid, to you!"

"Oh! I have not ſeen her!" ſaid the afflicted Amantor, burſting into tears. They then looked in vain for her in the wood, in the meadows, and in the vil-

lage, but no Emma could they find. They then concluded ſhe muſt have fallen into the brook and been drowned.

The afflicted parents refuſed all conſolation, till the lenient hand of time, and Chriſtian reſignation to the will of the Moſt High, alleviated their griefs.

Amantor was now eighteen, benevolence beamed in his fine blue eyes, and when he ſpoke the Graces danced upon his lips, the roſe and lily decked his cheeks, and his fine flaxen hair hung negligently down his back, in the moſt graceful ringlets. He was one afternoon going through the wood in ſearch of a lamb that had *left his* flock, and he heard the voice

of two females, who ſeemed as if they had loſt their way. He turned, and ſaw two of the moſt beautiful nymphs eyes ever beheld. A native grace ſat fair proportioned on their poliſhed limbs. Their dreſſes were white muslin, looſe and flowing, but tied up on the ſides with pink ribbons. They wore on their heads wreaths of flowers, and ſtraw hats careleſsly ſtuck on one ſide. The elegant ſimplicity of their dreſs, and the ſweetneſs that appeared in their countenances, could not fail to fill the young ſhepherd, who had never before ſeen ſuch accompliſhed lovelineſs, with ſurpriſe and admiration; nor were the two young females leſs ſurpriſed at ſeeing the beautiful Amantor.

One of the laſſes, who ſeemed to be the eldeſt, approached Amantor, and ſaid, "Young ſhepherd, the ſweetneſs of your looks has diſſipated the uneaſineſs I ſhould otherwiſe have felt at thus addreſſing a ſtranger. That young lady and myſelf ſtrolled out to enjoy the ſweetneſs of the evening, and coming too far into this wood, we have loſt our way, and may we hope you will ſhew us into a path that will conduct us home. My father lives at a manſion-houſe, about, I believe, two miles from this place, and he will, I am ſure, reward your care and civility."—

"I ſhall think myſelf ſufficiently rewarded in relieving you, ladies, *from your* uneaſineſs," ſaid Amantor,

"but I fear it is now too late, and you are too much tired to think of returning home to night. My father and mother live in a cottage at the bottom of this hill, and there you will, I am ſure, be welcome to the beſt bed and repaſt our homely condition will afford."

By this time the other young lady had reached them. Amantor looked at her with attention; he felt unuſual delight, and his boſom glowed with the moſt pleaſing ſenſations. He conducted them to the cottage, where they were received by the old man and woman with the greateſt hoſpitality. They were much delighted with the ſituation of the place.

"I could with pleaſure leave the gay world," ſaid one of the young ladies, and retire to this cottage. I think one could not fail to be happy."

"Alas!" ſaid the old man, "you are yet too young to know the misfortunes that attend this life."

"True," replied the young lady; "but in this peaceful habitation, and with ſuch a ſon as your's, your days muſt paſs ſerene and unclouded."—Amantor bowed.

"My ſon is, indeed, a bleſſing," ſaid the old man; "but we had once a daughter!"—"And where is ſhe?" interrupted the young lady. He then deſcribed his daughter, and the fatal accident that they thought had deprived them of her, and then added, "I ſhall never ſee my Emma more!"

"Forbid it, heaven!" ſaid the young lady, who had liſtened with great attention, ſpringing up, and throwing her arms round his neck, "in me behold your Emma---your child----your ever dutiful daughter!"

Words cannot paint the joy of this truly happy family!---Amantor now accounted for the ſenſation he felt at ſeeing her. But far different were thoſe he felt for the charming Matilda!

After the firſt effuſions of joy were over, they begged to know by what accident they had met with her.

"My father and myſelf," ſaid Matilda, "were walking one evening, and we ſaw a ſweet young girl ſitting *crying upon* a bank of flowers. The

tears that trickled down her infant cheeks excited both our pity and attention. We aſked what ſhe cried for? She replied ſhe could not find her way home. We then aſked who was her father and mother? She ſaid ſhe could not tell. Finding ſhe was not likely to inform us where we might return her to her parents, my father reſolved to take her home, and as I have no ſiſters, we have been educated together and loved each other as ſuch." The old man and woman were much rejoiced at this account. After partaking of a rural repaſt, the cottagers and their gueſts retired to reſt.

Amantor for the firſt time in his *life, was prevented from ſleeping by*

the impreſſion the beautiful young woman had made upon his heart, nor was Matilda leſs pleaſed with Amantor. The next morning the young ladies and their guide Amantor, walked to the manſion, where they were received with no ſmall pleaſure, by Matilda's father, and her brother Edwin. They were both ſurpriſed and rejoiced at the adventure of the preceding evening, and begged Amantor would make ſome ſtay with them.

During Amantor's viſit, Matilda's charms operated ſo powerfully, that one day as they were walking, he ventured to diſcloſe his paſſion, and was happy to find that Matilda returned it with equal fervor.

As ſoon as she had an opportunity,

she flew to Emma to tell her; but how ſurpriſed was ſhe to find her brother Edwin had been telling the ſame tender tale to Emma, who had liſtened to it with equal attention and pleaſure. Edwin then mentioned the affair to his father, who, far from making objections to Amantor and Emma's want of fortune, ſaid, "their virtue is ſufficient riches, and they are indeed worthy my Edwin and Matilda."

He then propoſed, that they ſhould live in his manſion, to which they readily agreed. After this, he made the old man and woman a preſent, which enabled them to paſs the reſt of their days without labour. Some *time after*, the young couples were

united, who flouriſhed long in tender bliſs, and raiſed a numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves, and good, the grace of all the country round.

AMBITION.

THE hand of munificence had poured on the head of Uſbek all the bleſſings which this world can beſtow. Abbas, the mighty ſovereign of the Eaſt, before whoſe throne the world pays homage, had made him governor of a region beauteous as Paradiſe, and fertile above all others. Nothing was wanting to complete his felicity but the inward ſerenity of conſcious virtue—the ſoft whiſpers of the angel of peace. Uſbek, therefore, amidſt the glare of magnificence and pomp *of power*, was a prey to the violence

of ungovernable paſſions. The glittering pinnacles of ambition dazzled the eyes of his frailty; he viewed the ſummit with exultation, and thirſted with inſatiable deſire of arbitrary ſway. The power of ſubduing temptation became leſs in proportion as he viewed the proſpect of ſucceſs, till at length he reſolved, by whatever means, to gratify his criminal propenſity. Impelled by ſome evil genius, he raiſed the hand of rebellion againſt the life of that ſovereign who had exalted him to dignity and honour, and ſeated himſelf on the throne of his power. The ſoul of Uſbek was now flattered by the adulation of the abject; the proud were humbled in the duſt *before him*, and the ſovereigns of mighty

kingdoms paid homage at his feet. The arrow of affliction had not yet wounded his boſom, and he exulted in the grandeur which ſurrounded him: but ſhort are the triumphs of iniquity; they paſs away like the ſhaft that flieth in the dark, and are ſeen no more. The tranſitory gratification of deſpotic power became familiar by habit, and the former perturbation of his mind returned.

He was ſitting alone in one of the apartments of his ſeraglio, and arraigned the juſtice of providence as envying him the happineſs he ſo eagerly ſought. The paſt afforded no conſolation; the preſent was without enjoyment; and the future without *hope*. Such was the ſituation of Us-

bek, when an eunuch with all the marks of frenzy and deſpair, ruſhed into the apartment, and exclaimed, "pardon, mighty ſultan of the eaſt, the liberty of thy ſlave; thy favourite Roxana"..."Preſumptuous wretch!" cried Uſbec, in all the bitterneſs of anger, "who thus unbidden durſt"... He could ſay no more; rage ſtopped his utterance; when ſtamping with his foot upon the ground, the miniſters of his will appeared before him. "Drag hence," ſaid he, "that victim of my diſpleaſure, and let him ſuffer the puniſhment due to his temerity." They had no ſooner obeyed his mandate, than ſudden darkneſs ſurrounded him, and an awful voice thundered from the cloud that cauſed it, "Us-

bek, hitherto thou haſt lived for thy-ſelf alone! thou haſt ſacrificed the ſultan thy maſter to the inſatiable luſt of power, and now thou condemneſt thy ſervant without a cauſe. But know that the decrees of heaven are not to be infringed to gratify the caprice of a tyrant; and that the weakneſs of mortality muſt neceſſarily be cruſhed when it ſtands in oppoſition to the arm of Omnipotence. Thou haſt broken through the order of nature by aſpiring to that throne which was deſigned for another; that throne, therefore, which thou haſt unjuſtly uſurped, has proved the ſource of perpetual diſappointment. It is ſtill in thy power to repent; profit by the *precious* opportunity, and beware leſt

that being, who by a ſingle beam of his effulgence irradiates the univerſe, involve thee in that abyſs of miſery where thy torments ſhall increaſe to all eternity, and aggravated horrors reduce thee to endleſs deſpair!"

As ſoon as the firſt emotions of terror and aſtoniſhment had ſubſided, Uſbek, ſtruck with ſudden remorſe, ruſhed forth in order to prevent the execution of his command. But it was too late; the vital ſpark, which no violence can extinguiſh, had flown for ever. The ſultan therefore returned to his apartment in gloomy diſappointment; and, throwing himſelf on a ſofa, again muſed on the wretchedneſs of his condition. "What then," exclaimed he, "availeth the

power of Uſbek, if he may not, with out reproof, ſacrifice the ſlave who has offended him?" Unable to ſupport the thought, he aroſe in haſte, and entered the apartment of Roxana, in order to drown the recollection of his miſery in the ſociety of his favourite ſultana. He had paid no attention to the laſt word of the eunuch whom he had ſacrificed to his reſentment. He therefore now expected to gratify a paſſion which he had long reſtrained. A gleam of hope played around his breaſt as he entered the apartment; but what were the transports of his rage when he found it deſerted! He called the attendants of Roxana with a voice of thunder: *they inſtantly* obeyed the ſummons;

and in tears deprecated his wrath, affirming that they knew not what was become of their miſtreſs. Uſbek uttered the moſt horrid imprecations, and threatened to ſacrifice them without delay if they did not inſtantly inform him by what means ſhe had eſcaped. As they were really ignorant of her flight, their anſwers were unſatisfactory; and Uſbek was about to put his menaces into execution, when he was prevented by a tumult from without, which ſuſpended the effects of his anger. Upon enquiring the cauſe, he was informed by Ozim, the vizier, who in vain had ſought him through all the apartments of his ſeraglio, that one of the governers of his provinces had ſecretly ſtirred up

the people to revolt, and at that moment, was attempting to force the gates of the palace. The rage of Uſbek was now redoubled, his eyes ſparkled with fury, his limbs trembled, and he ruſhed forward to the gate in all the frenzy of deſpair. He was ſcarcely prevented by Ozim from attempting to revenge with his ſingle arm the diſobedience of his ſubjects. In the agony of his mind he flew to one of the windows of the palace, on that ſide where the multitude were aſſembled, and demanded in incoherent expreſſions, the reaſon of the mutiny. The rebels were ſtruck dumb at the ſight of their monarch, and let fall their weapons. *But the* uſurper now beheld his rival

encouraging them to proceed and reſume their arms. Unable to endure perfidy in another who was only adopting thoſe meaſures which had enthroned their guilty Uſbek, he once more ruſhed towards the gate, and commanded it to be opened. He was obeyed, and inſtantly laid two of the conſpirators dead at his feet. But now ſudden darkneſs obſcured the ſun, the air thundered, and a voice thus iſſued from the burſting clouds: "Hear all ye nations the decrees of the Moſt High! know your weakneſs and adore in ſilence that power who governs all things by his will. Shall mortality preſcribe laws to omnipotence? Shall the reptile of the duſt aſpire to the government of the uni-

verſe? Shall the children of infirmi
aſcend the heights of ambition; a
ſhall they not feel the ſtorm that rag
at the ſummit? Shall man aſpire
rule without control, and ſhall
eſcape the vengeance due to his raſ
neſs and folly? Though heaven pr
tects the innocent from wrong, a
rewards the fidelity of the virtuou
ſhall he gratify the arrogance of i
piety and preſumption? Know the
that vice and uſurpation are no lo
ger permitted to exiſt, when they b
come ineffectual to forward the d
ſigns of Providence. Liſten to t
admonitions of ſuperior wiſdom, a
wait the event without murmur
complaint." Whilſt the genius th
ſpake, the attention of the multitu

was ſuſpended in ſilence, like the calm ocean after the violence of a ſtorm. When he had ended the clouds diſperſed, and the glorious orb of day ſhone forth in all the majeſty of light. Uſbek and the rebel chief now appeared lifeleſs on the ground, ſtabbed by an unknown hand. The multitude were proceeding to treat with ignominy the corpſe of him whoſe very ſhadow made them tremble when alive, but another object demanded their attention.

A ſtranger appeared in a chariot at a diſtance, and Roxana by his ſide. They approached; and the ſtranger riſing from his ſeat, thus gratified the curioſity of the crowd: "That *Being* who animates all nature with

his preſence, let all the nations of the world adore! Ye behold before you Aluzar, the deſcendant of the mighty Abbas, at the foot of whoſe throne the kingdoms of the Eaſt paid homage. When the angel of death viſited my father by the hand of Uſbek, I fled from the violence of the uſurper, and concealed myſelf in impenetrable ſolitudes. There, the diſciple of meditation, I gave myſelf up to the duties of devotion, and learned to eſtimate this life by the hope of immortality. One morning, ere the ſun had exhaled the dews of heaven, as I walked out to gather the ſcanty proviſion which the deſert affords, I perceived the prints of human feet upon the graſs. I had not proceeded far before

I beheld the beauteous Roxana, whom my father had deſtined as the comfort of my bed. By her I was informed that ſhe had been preſerved by a ſuperior power from violence; that he had tranſported her to that deſert, and bade her wait with reſignation the diſpoſal of heaven. The ſame friendly power has puniſhed the uſurper, and led us hither to claim the throne of our anceſtors." The ſon of Abbas was going to proceed in his narrative, but was interrupted by reiterated ſhouts of wonder and applauſe, and he was proclaimed ſovereign of the Eaſt, by the united voice of the multitude. Theſe events are recorded in order that poſterity may learn, that

Ambition unchecked by Virtue is a conſuming flame, preying upon the heart, which is governed only by the dictates of cruelty and oppreſſion.

The CASTLE of ERASMUS,

Or BERTRAND and ELIZA.

THE pipe was mute in the vallies, and the hills were no longer reſponſive to the vocal reed.---Three years had elapſed ſince the young and generous Bertrand was aſſaſſinated by Caled, near the Caſtle of Eraſmus, his lance hung inverted on his tomb, and his honours were mingled with the duſt of his fathers.

" O when ſhall my ſufferings have an end, and the grief-worn frame re*turn to* its kindred clay?—Never

ſhall thy lovely image be eraſed from my memory; thy virtues are engraven on my heart!" It was the voice of Eliza, offering her evening oriſons at the ſhrine of her beloved Bertrand.

Silence held her ſtill domain throughout the fertile plains, ſave where the diſtant watch-dog mark'd the rural hamlet. Cynthia had gained the ſummit of the azure throne, and ſmiled in lucid majeſty o'er the blue expanſe. All nature aided the ſolemnity! A row of aged oaks led to a cluſter of ſpreading firs, which diſcovered a marble ſepulchre adorned with military trophies. The beautiful Eliza, amiable in ſorrows, and *patient in* affliction, graced the awful

ſcene. She was kneeling in a poſture of adoration and prayer, her ſable garment hung looſe in melancholy folds, and mingled with her auburn treſſes; the round tear of affliction ſtood in her languid eye, and the cypreſs groves reiterated the ſighs of a broken heart.

In the midſt of her oriſons, Clifford (by whoſe command the aſſaſſination of Bertrand was perpetrated) appeared before the ſorrowful Eliza. Rage inſtantly kindled in her cheek, and reproaches burſt from her lips. "Dar'ſt thou, *perfidious* and *prophane*, approach this hallowed place? Ye Gods! where are your avenging bolts? Why ſleeps the thunder when this wretch draws near? Doſt thou

not fear the anger of almighty power? Or is thy heart more hard than adamant, leagued with demons of revenge to ward the ſtroke of juſtice?"

"Chide not too lovely fair one," (replied the repentant Clifford); "it was love for thee that drove me on to madneſs: I beheld a favoured rival in the happy Bertrand; I conſidered life, *without thee*, as an ocean oppoſed to inceſſant tempeſts, but *with thee* all that heaven *could beſtow*, or *I could wiſh*. I vainly thought one bar alone remained between me and my fancied joys: in a raſh moment I employed the curſed Caled to execute my fell deſign; he obey'd, took his reward, and fled, ſince which time peace has *been baniſhed* from the breaſt of

Clifford, and ſoon muſt the cold hand of death bring him to an expiation of his crimes."

"And doſt thou talk of Love, abhored aſſaſſin? thou who haſt laid low the image of perfection: my Bertrand was the firſt, and ſhall be the laſt, my bleeding heart has ever own'd. Hear me, beloved ſhade! and witneſs for me all ye cherubs watching round his tomb, ne'er ſhall Eliza taſte of pleaſure more till we again ſhall meet in fields of joy: then, ſhall the rays of endleſs peace and love diſpel the earthly miſts of pain and woe." Eliza again proſtrated herſelf before the ſhrine, and Clifford, dejected, returned through the avenue to the caſtle.

Alwin, ſurnamed the good (who was then on the throne) hearing of the ſorrows of Eliza, reſolved to undertake the cauſe of injured innocence, by offering a conſiderable reward to the Champion who would meet Clifford, in ſingle combat. The time of the approaching tournaments drew on apace, at length the day arrived appointed for the cauſe of Eliza. The Circus was crowded with ſpectators. The king was ſeated beneath a canopy adorned with the riches of the eaſt, and the conſtant fair one ſat at his right hand;---every eye was centred on one object--the injured Eliza! Clifford appeared in the liſts,---and the trumpet was thrice ſounded---a *ſtranger* inſtantly appeared, and ac-

cepted the challenge; his helmet of maſſy gold covered his face, it was ſtudded with diamonds, and the nodding plumes ſhook defiance to his foe; his armour of exquiſite workmanſhip, darted a ſplendid radiance throughout the circus, and the blood-red croſs on his breaſt diſplayed a knight zealous in the chriſtian cauſe. The dignity of his appearance, the ſymmetry of his ſhape, and the graceful manner with which he took up the glove charmed every beholder. Clifford, all trembling, approached and thus addreſſed the multitude. "You ſee before you a wretch deſtined by the hand of fate, to meet eternal vengeance: fall I muſt, if not by the ſword of my accuſer, the weight of

my own ſins muſt ſoon bring me wit
ſorrow to the grave." The marti
trumpets again flouriſh'd, and th
champions engaged.—For ſome tim
the victory was doubtful, till at leng
the powerful arm of the ſtranger la
the lofty Clifford in the duſt, and th
circus re-echoed with repeated accl
mations. His wound was mortal, an
his friends gathered around him, eve
the injured Eliza ſympathized in th
tears ſhed on the dying penitent.-
While the crowd was attentive to th
departing Clifford, a man muffled
a pilgrim's habit preſſed forward, an
throwing open his garment, thus a
dreſſed the vanquiſhed champion.-
"Thou man of ſorrows, behold
this diſguiſe the perſon of Cale

once thy vaſſal, at whoſe command I undertook the murder of the worthy Bertrand, if thou haſt enough of life to hear the event, attend and listen:" The eyes of Clifford were nearly ſet in night, but agitated by a thouſand emotions, ſeemed to expreſs a deſire to hear the narrative of Caled, who thus proceeded,---"Urged by your intreaties and the hopes of gain, I approached the wood where Bertrand was wrapt in pious meditation; though bribed to murder, and bent on the horrid purpoſe, I relented, and diſcovered my intent to the gallant youth, whom I preſſed to depart. I have ſince heard that he rendered himſelf famous on the plains of Paleſtine, by inliſting in the Holy War.

You inſiſted on my privately burying the corpſe in the grove leading to the Caſtle of Eraſmus; this I told you was performed, and the amiable Eliza cauſed a ſuperb ſhrine to be erected to his memory. I received my reward and fled;--diſguiſed in a pilgrim's habit, I followed Bertrand to Jeruſalem, but my ſearch was vain; for ſoon I heard that Bertrand was no more:--Fluſh'd with ſucceſs, he joined the Croiſes led by gallant Richard, he met the ſhaft of death before the walls of Cyprus." Hope, horror and deſpair, alternately reigned in the boſom of Eliza during the narrative, at the concluſion of which ſhe fell apparently lifeleſs at the feet of the victor. The champion lifting up his helmet

caught her in his arms, "Behold, (cried the ſtranger), one whoſe ſoul is linked to thine,--revive thou paragon of excellence.---'Tis *Bertrand* calls thee back to *life* and *love!*" At the well known name Eliza awakened from her trance, and after gazing ſome time with ſpeechleſs admiration, at length articulated:--"It is--it is--my long loſt Bertrand!" Clifford lived but a few moments after the diſcovery--he received the pardon of the injured pair, and cloſed his eyes in peace. Bertrand turned to the aſtoniſhed Caled, and embraced him as a friend, every eye ſparkled with joy, and every heart participated in the happineſs of *Bertrand* and *Eliza*.

It is recorded in the annals of the

Caſtle, that Virtue ſhall meet reward, and Vice be humbled a feet.

After paying the funeral rit the manes of the unfortunate Cli the nuptials were conſummate the utmoſt ſtile of magnificen Alwin's palace. Eliza by de recovered her native bloom, gliſtened in her eye, and the revelled in her cheek. Bertrand diſplayed his trophies in the h the Caſtle, and again aſſume hero!

The pipe once more gladden' vallies, and the hills were ren vocal by the reſponſive notes c reed. Peace ſpread her airy

athwart the verdant plains, and the vaulted roofs, reverberated the ſound of the harp, in the happy Caſtle of Eraſmus.

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